
THE RIVER CLYDE

GEORGE RAID, R.S.A.

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THE
RIVER CLYDE

TWELVE DRAWINGS

BY

(Sir) GEORGE REID, R.S.A.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE

BY AMAND-DURAND

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY THE REV.

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THE RIVER CLYDE.

INTRODUCTION.



THE name of this River will probably suggest to most people ideas of industry and wealth, rather than of beauty. That was the character it bore, even in the early ages of our history. As if there had been a dim prophetic instinct in the country, surely anticipating the wealth it was one day to bring, among the oldest traditions connected with it is one which told of three hundred chiefs of Strathclyde, each wearing a '*torque*' of pure gold which had been washed from the sands of Glengonar, or found in the mud of the Elvan. In our old records the Clyde is chiefly mentioned in connection with mining enterprises, and mining speculators who led more than one of our sovereigns to cherish fond hopes, and incur considerable losses. Once and again, worthy gentlemen, skilled in such matters, came 'prospecting' from England and from Germany, and undertook to fill the royal purse, which generally much needed filling, with fair 'bonnet-pieces' from the Leadhills. That was the dominant idea which somehow clung to this River and its affluents. Not much of our early history transacted itself on the Clyde. That was chiefly done in the eastern counties, on the banks of the Forth or the Tweed. But there was always a vague hope that industrial Scotland was to find wealth in Lanark some day. That expectation has been amply fulfilled of late years, only not by the upper waters with their dreams of golden treasure, but by the coal and iron of the Douglas, the Avon, and the Calder, and by the splendid enterprise of Glasgow and Greenock. So it has come to pass, at any rate, that the picturesque beauty of the Clyde has been always overshadowed by its commercial character.

Yet none of our Scottish Rivers can lay claim to a greater variety of grand and lovely scenery. We miss, indeed, those tall grey Peel towers which crown almost every jutting rock on the Tweed, and give to it so much historic life and interest. Neither can it show any ecclesiastical ruins like Melrose, or Dryburgh, or Kelso, which lend such a charm to the fair border stream. Some remains it has of the great castles famous in story, such as Crawford, Craignethan, Cadzow, and Bothwell; but few of them strike the eye; they have rather to be sought by the summer tourist where they lie hidden among tall old trees. One may pass along this river from 'Little Clyde' to Arran, and hardly see a house of which one would care to ask the story, not because there are none there, but because they are strangely out of sight. The air of old romance, too, which clings to the Tweed, haunted by the mystic forms of Merlin and True Thomas, and all of weird or fanciful associated with them, is not found on the Clyde; nor yet the songs and ballads, and lore of dim tradition which have 'a local habitation' in the glens and 'hopes' and 'swyres' of the sister river. Except some tales about Wallace and the Covenanters, it has

little to do with the romance of Scottish history. It has hardly inspired a single song, or carried down on its waters a fragment of rude ballad from the olden time. Why it should be so barren of these, it is hard to say; for the same tragedies and comedies must have been enacted there as elsewhere. But the Clyde has neither the songs of the Tweed, nor the dance-music of the Spey. All this naturally has tended to lessen the interest which its scenery would have otherwise arrested. For its soft pastoral solitudes, its rushing waterfalls, its fertile strath blossom-white in the flush of the early spring, and its magnificent estuary, unite to form an almost ideal series of pictures, with every variety of the picturesque and beautiful proper to a great river. Perhaps, with all our modern admiration of nature, something else is needed—something of human interest, or the glow and glamour of imagination—ere the common eye is able to see its beauty rightly. Certainly, the lyric genius of Burns, and the wizard spell of Scott, and the inward vision of Wordsworth have thrown over the localities they chiefly loved a charm which might have quite as readily belonged to many another spot, if mere picturesque beauty had been all that claimed our notice.

The Clyde naturally divides itself into three parts, each having its own distinctive characteristics. The upper waters, from its source down to Lanark, flow through a pastoral country, once forming part of the great Caledonian forest, but now the hills are green and bare, and there are almost no trees, except what have been lately planted around some modern mansion, or a few that conceal the ancient castles of its Lords. As Wordsworth sings of the Yarrow, so of these upper waters we might say—

‘Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy,
The grace of forest charms decay’d,
And pastoral melancholy.’

Near Lanark the whole character of the river scenery is changed from the pastoral to the agricultural, and a stage in human progress is accomplished by a somewhat sudden transition from a high plateau to a spreading valley. There is the shepherd life above, and the farming life below, with villages in the one, and cities in the other. Descending by a great rock-stair some two hundred feet, the river passes from sheep-walks and solitudes down to a richly-wooded and fertile country, a land of orchards and gardens, and cornfields, gradually vanishing, however, into mines of coal and iron, and the busy suburbs of a great city. One has visibly presented here the course of human progress, from slow and musing shepherd life to steady farming industry, and the eager bustle of towns. The lower part of the Clyde, from Dumbarton downwards, broadens into the grandest of all our Firths, with its long blue Lochs stretching away among the broken rugged hills of Cowal and Connal, its beautiful islands of Bute and Arran, its birch-wooded Kyles, and lonely Sounds, and great Ailsa Craig keeping watch at its mouth. For some sixty miles it winds through quiet glen and wooded valley, or foams and rushes over rocky steeps, as clear and pure a stream as any in the land. For some fifteen more it is what it surely need not be, little other than a great open sewer to the city which once existed on its fisheries, and might profit by them again, if it disposed otherwise of its waste and dirt. For the rest of its way it is a grand arm of the sea, fringed with villas, and towns, and villages, on the left mostly for commerce, but on the right for health and pleasure.

The two largest affluents of the upper waters of the Clyde are the Daer and the Powtrail, both of which rise somewhere in the neighbourhood of Queensberry Hill, and after draining different valleys, unite at the farm of Water-meetings. After their junction they go by the name of the Daer, till they are joined by the Clyde burn some half-a-mile down, when the river takes at last, the name by which

it is generally known. The tradition of its source, therefore, leads us up the burn, for so ran the old rhyme,—

'The Tweed, the Annan, and the Clyde,
A' rin oot o' ae hillside.'

As we follow it up, however, along the Roman road to the Roman camp at Little-Clyde farm, it soon becomes clear that the original stream to which this saying applied has been turned from its proper channel, and no longer flows into the Clyde, but into the Evan, and so down to the Solway. This took place in the early years of this century, some say, owing to a change in the Carlisle road, though it is not easy to see why that should have necessitated any alteration in the course of the river; but others, with more likelihood, affirm that the tenant of Little Clyde did it to save his fields from being flooded. This at any rate is plain, that a big straight ditch has been dug and embanked there, and that the old burn which winds down from Clydeslaw passes through that ditch, and makes its way south instead of north. What now goes by the name of the Clyde burn is a small stream, a short arm of the real Clyde burn, rising on a hill immediately behind the farm of Little Clyde. Like the Tweed, it springs from a small cup or well on the hillside, and after soaking through a rushy marsh, appears, by-and-by, a bright little runlet, jumping from ledge to ledge in mimic waterfall, or sliding down a mossy slope, or swirling under thymy banks, or sleeping in trout-pools under a bit of grey rock brightened by a purple foxglove. Very still and quiet are the hills around it, having neither heather nor bracken to clothe them, but folded in soft greenery, partly grass and partly moss; and one hears no sound there except the cry of a curlew, the bleat of a lamb, or the hum of a wandering bee, and the varied ripple and murmur of the burn itself as it drops into a pool, or plashes upon a stone. It is a pretty peaceful little infant river on this bright summer day; but I daresay in winter it can brawl rudely enough, for it has a steep descent all the way, till it meets the Crooked-stone burn, and one can see here and there heaps of stone and gravel it has rushed down the hill. Mr. Reid has sketched a simple rustic bridge that crosses it, and the soft rounded hills that stand all about it, and I need not say he has caught the peaceful, lonely feeling of the place.

A little below its junction with the Daer and the Powtrail, the Clyde is swelled still further by the Elvan which comes down from the Leadhills where Allan Ramsay was born. It was chiefly among these hills that the gold mania lingered for so many ages, and there are still names by the Elvan and Gonar, like 'Howkwood' and 'Gold-scours,' that suggest to our minds 'placers' and 'cradles,' and digging for possible nuggets in those dim old times. Happily the lead in those bold Lowther hills, with their shadowy 'hopes' and gorges, turned out to be a much better speculation than the more precious metal. The monks of Newbattle, indeed, to whom the land belonged, for a season made nothing of their mines. But at the Reformation, when it was taken from them, and gifted to Mark Kerr of Lothian, the mines were leased to one Thomas Fowlis, an Edinburgh merchant, who brought a clear business head to the work and solid business habits, and found it pay so well that, by-and-by, he was able to purchase the fee-simple of the estate. On his death, his only child, a daughter, was left to the guardianship of a brother or cousin of her father, it is not quite clear which, who apparently was fain, like the regular feudal guardians of those days, to treat his ward's property very much as if it had been his own. To this the young lady naturally objected, and having gone to law with her guardian, was lucky enough to get Mr. James Hope, advocate, to plead her cause. This he

did to such good purpose—for he was a great lawyer and an eloquent pleader three hundred years ago—that he not only won her case, but her hand also; and so the lands of Friarsmuir and the mines of Leadhills fell to the Earls of Hopetoun, with whom they remain till this day. The village of Leadhills, which lies, however, some miles away from the Clyde, is not interesting only from this bit of old romance, and from its connection with the author of *The Gentle Shepherd*, who was born there. Towards the end of last century there was a chaplain at the mines named Sanson, 'tall, awkward and bashful,' who was fond of a game at bowls, and was in the way of exclaiming 'prodigious!' when a good cast had been made. Vere Irving, whose family mansion is near Elvan-foot, probably knew the Rev. Mr. Sanson; and Vere Irving, W.S., was an early friend of Walter Scott. The village of Leadhills, too, was a stronghold of the Whigs in the days of the Covenant, and provided more than one victim to its roll of 'faithful witnesses.' Its people are still known for their intelligence and sobriety, having kept up a library and debating club long before such things were dreamt of in other Scottish villages.

Some two and a half miles below Elvan-foot, on a bluff where the 'Camp' water flows into the Clyde, are the ruins of the ancient castle of Lyndsay Crawford, from which the Balcarras family have their title. It has once been a strong place, for this was the cradle of the powerful race of Lyndsays; and it might be a fine feature of the landscape still, but for the trees which grow round it, and on it, and in it, and leave scarcely a turret to be seen. The barony of Crawford Lyndsay was held at first of 'Sweyne the son of Thor,' names which shew that the Norsemen had owned Strathclyde before their Norman kinsmen came to push them out. Afterwards the Lyndsays held direct from the Crown, and in 1398 were created Earls of Crawford. Taking part, however, with the unlucky James III. in his quarrel with the nobles—having possibly some of those higher artistic tastes which have distinguished them in later years, as James, too, himself appears to have had—their estates were forfeited, and granted to Archibald 'Bell-the-Cat,' Earl of Angus. Nor have the Lyndsays ever since had any footing in the neighbourhood with which their name was first associated. For though the Douglasses, in due time, were escheated like their predecessors, this barony was not restored to its former lords, but given to Lord Hamilton, Earl of Arran, and it continued in that family till the Hamiltons were merged in the house of Douglas. In 1693 the Duchess Anne, with the consent of her husband, alienated the estate in favour of a younger son, who was created Earl of Selkirk and Lord Daer; from his descendants it was bought last century by Sir George Colebrooke, who had made a deal of money from the mines of Colebrookdale, and wished to invest it in likely Scottish lands. There are no Lyndsays now among the lairds of upper Clydesdale; the place that knew them once as its supreme lords knows them no more. They have vanished like the Macmorrans of Glespin, the Tintos of Crimp-Cramp, the Telfers of Harecleugh, and the Veres of Newton, who, like 'Sweyne the son of Thor,' were probably there before the Lyndsays, and have disappeared like them. But their land is there, and a pleasant land it is, at any rate on a sunny summer day. High and bare, with green rolling hills, averaging from 1700 to 2000 feet high, and bright trouting streams, and a brisk and cheerful air which it is exhilarating to breathe; if there is nothing very striking in its soft pastoral beauty, it is yet very pleasing, and should be a good health resort. In Crawford churchyard Thomas Carlyle buried his mother-in-law, Mrs. Welsh, and not far from it any one who would wish to vary the quiet scenery, may find a wild hill-pass, away from the river side, about which there is a couplet worth noting—

'Little kens the auld wife sitting by the fire,
How the wind blaws in Hurl-bur! Swyre.'

Either this path, or the road by the river, will bring him to Abington, at the foot of Glengonar, where Sir Edward Colebrooke, out of a roadside inn, has gradually reared for himself a handsome enough mansion, with pleasant lawn and goodly trees, and a clean and cheerful little village at its gate. Sir Edward is the son of the great Indian scholar and official, who, in his own quiet way, did so much not only for Eastern learning, but for the consolidating of British power in India. This part of his property lies in the parish of Crawford-John, an unusual kind of name, not easily explained. Most of the neighbouring parishes have names ending in 'ton,' as Lamington, Wiston, Symington, Robertson. These begin with the proper name, which in this case is at the end. There have been several ingenious guesses to account for this, but none of them seems very happy. The Colebrookes have done not a little to improve their property by judicious planting, both along the heights and in the river valley; and from this point the pastoral character of the upper ward begins to be varied by considerable stretches of cultivated land, and more frequent mansions of the gentry. The scenery is not so characteristic as it is higher up the river, for the lonely quietude of Crawford is now invaded by parks, and 'policies,' and turnip fields. But there are more signs of life, and Abington is really a very pleasing spot.

A little way below it, on the 'Moot farm,' is a small hill, level on the top, which looks artificial, where doubtless the Baillie or Bailiff of St. John's Kirk, whose ruins lie close by, was wont to hold his court, and where, it is like enough, 'the witten,' or wise Norsemen, who followed 'Sweyne the son of Thor' had their 'Thing' in days before the monks of Kelso built their kirk upon the Clyde. No doubt the Baillies of Lamington, and Jerviswood, and Bagbie, whose properties lie round this, were originally kirk vassals and bailiffs for the lordly Abbot, whose lands they shared among them at the great break-up of the Reformation. Two of these families have blossomed into the Lords of Haddington and Lamington; the former after an honourable history of good service and patriotic suffering, the latter for no particular reason, unless the claim should hold good which allies them far off with William Wallace of Elderslie. There is still a fragment of the old tower of Lamington standing by the river-side, a little way from the modern mansion. According to Blind Harry, this was the home of Marion Bradfute, who became the wife of Wallace, and was cruelly slain by Hazelrig, the sheriff of Lanark under Edward Longshanks. Lord Lamington claims to be descended from her, and therefore lineally descended from the Scottish patriot. Blind Harry is not a strong authority even for a merely romantic pedigree. But the old tower is there, or at least a bit of it, clinging to its rock, under the shadow of Coulter Fell. There is also a fine old Norman door, with the dog-tooth ornament still sharply defined on it, built strangely into the wall of a modern parish kirk—said parish kirk being strictly in the style of 'Church-warden Gothic,' done upon the cheap. No doubt this door belonged originally to St. John's Church on the other side of the river, for it was a vicarage of the monks of Kelso, and the remains of their abbey show how fond they were of the beautiful Norman Gothic.

From this point the Clyde, increased by the Duneaton, which joins it near Haddington, the home of the M'Queens of Braxfield, flows through a comparatively broad and open valley. The hills are still there, and they have still the same soft rounded form, and quiet pastoral character; but there is ampler space between Tinto and Coulter Fell than there is between the hills on the Camps water and the Hurl-burl Swyre. At one point, a little below this, the valley of the Clyde almost sweeps into that of the Tweed, and they say that, in a high flood, its overflow, by means of the Biggar

water, finds its way into the latter river, and flows down to the North Sea. Whether this actually be the case or not, I cannot tell; but looking at the general lie of the country, there seems no particular reason why it should not. It was in this neighbourhood that the Gladstones, or Gledstones, had their old habitation among the Carmichaels, and Somervilles, and Lockharts. They all clustered somewhere about Quothquan or Cathquan, and the roots of Coulter Fell and Tinto. This last mountain is the most graceful and commanding of all the hills that skirt the valley of the Clyde, and it is the only one which gives a local habitation to one of our racy Scottish songs. Which of the glens hereabout it was that 'Tibbie Fowler' dwelt in when 'a' the lads were woin' at her, pu'in' at her, wantin' her, and couldna get her,' I do not know. But it must have been not far from this, otherwise the disappointed fair ones whose woovers were drawn away by her would never have sung

' Gin a lass be e'er sae black,
An' she ha'e the penny siller,
Set her up on Tinto tap,
The wind'll blaw a man till her.'

It is a fine peaked hill seen over a wide range of country, and some half-a-dozen parishes meet on the top of it. But the river which sweeps here through meadow and corn-land, past the Lyndsay's castle of Covington, under the wooded slopes of Quothquan, and round the pleasant grounds of Carstairs, has little of picturesque or historic interest. We have reached the end of its upper waters. It assumes quite a new character at Lanark, where it leaps and foams down the great rock-stair from the greywacke hills to the new red sandstone.

Hitherto the Clyde has had a very tranquil course, rippling between grassy banks, and murmuring over rounded, many-coloured pebbles, with hardly a rock to break its quiet flow. Its path has been through a quiet glen among the mountains, and doubtless there has been a time, in the geological past, when it had mighty throes and labours in cleaving for itself a peaceful way through the midst of them. With the help of slow-grinding glaciers, however, the mark of whose tools may be still readily traced on the rocks, that task has been long ago accomplished, and now, though it rushes in turbid flood at the melting of the spring snows, as a rule its course is equable and calm, and the quiet hills are mirrored in its quiet pools. But near the town of Lanark, where a newer bit of the world has been, as it were, roughly joined to the old greywacke rocks, it suddenly changes its whole character. At this same spot too, the old and new world of social ideas met in somewhat interesting juxtaposition in the early years of this century. It was perhaps natural that they should do so. For here the early traditions about Wallace and the Covenanters, and the war for freedom, waged under different forms through so many ages, come into close proximity with the modern struggle for wealth. We need not credit all the tales told about 'Wallace's cave,' 'Wallace's chair,' and 'Wallace's leap,' nor yet all the details about the sufferings of the religious martyrs of a later age, and the cruelties of Dalzell and Claverhouse. These, like other stories, doubtless grew by repetition, and by the myth-making fancy of the people. Yet such traditions do not cling to a locality without some ground-work of fact on which to rest, and it is interesting to note that just where these old contendings went on, and showed the life and enterprise of former times, there also now the energy and intelligence of the people are still alive, and winning the fruitful victories of industry. As if to

symbolise this contact and contrast of the past with the present, David Dale and Robert Owen lived and laboured at New Lanark. Dale was a man of the old Covenanter type, devout, dogmatic, conceited, in some things wrong-headed, but conscientious and shrewd, exactly such as Scott describes in 'douce Davie Deans.' Owen, his son-in-law, on the contrary, was a thoroughly modern man, philanthropic, speculative, viewy, fain to leave the old grooves so dear to Mr. Dale, and to fashion a new world on a new social idea. The old man's religion, however, readily accepted the philanthropy of the younger, however it may have doubted his sociology, and for a time the experiment among the mill-workers at New Lanark was the most interesting social phenomenon in Britain, and seemed to be highly successful. Statesmen, Kings, Emperors visited the place, hoping to learn from Robert Owen how to organise labour profitably, and at the same time elevate the poor. I do not know that the reasons for the failure of this experiment have been ever so explicitly stated as they should have been, so that the world might profit by its varied experiences. But certain it is that Owen turned out to be a benevolent dreamer, and dreamed on to the end of his days, and that the fruits of Dale's successful industry were squandered, to the great discouragement of all similar efforts at social improvement.

Hugh Miller tells us that the most picturesque scenery is generally found just where the Highlands touch on the Lowlands; as where the Forth breaks out at Aberfoyle, and the Tay at Dunkeld. I am not sure that this holds good in all cases, but certainly some of the most beautiful views on the Clyde are to be found where it comes down from its mountain 'Strath' to the broad valley of its middle waters. Yet the first sight of Lanark does not lead us to expect much there to gratify the eye. It is not overhung by wooded crags like Dunkeld. It has no Loch Ard and Ben Lomond like Aberfoyle, for though the shapely and graceful Tinto is visible, it is a good way off, and does not seem to meet us at every turn. The river is not seen from the town, and the country immediately round has a good deal of the rolling, bare, uninteresting character of most sandstone districts. Nor is that ancient burgh itself anywise remarkable, though it claims to be no mean city, boasting a charter from Robert the Bruce, and even that Kenneth held a Parliament there in the year 970. At present it is a clean little county town, the first that one meets on the banks of the many-cited Clyde; not too brisk, nor yet quite asleep, for it has a railway terminus, and a villa quarter, and some new public buildings, handsome enough in their way. At the proper hour of the day a good many carriages of the neighbouring gentry may be seen in the streets, and altogether it has the staid, genteel air of a burgh that is familiar with butlers, and ought to have an old-fashioned bank, and a manager with a large bunch of gold seals. It were to be wished that it had been as careful to maintain its ancient monuments as it has been to erect more convenient modern edifices. But the castle from which William the Lion dates his charter to Ayr has utterly vanished into a bowling green, and there is not a trace of the town houses which the Lockharts, and Carmichaels, and Somervilles no doubt once had in their county town. Of the old Church of St. Kentigern only six graceful arches are now standing, and an aisle which was the burying-place of the Lockharts of the Lee. This church is the only one of sixty that were dedicated to this saint, which bears his proper Celtic name. All the others go by his saintly name of 'Mungo,' or the Gentle. Possibly this may indicate that it was the earliest of them, built before the humble Culdee missionary disappeared in the traditionary saint. The ruins which still linger in the old kirkyard are in the early pointed English style, and belong probably, like Glasgow and Dunblane, to the twelfth century; but on digging about the foundations not long ago, traces were found of an earlier church, supposed to be as old as the times of Kentigern himself, who lived in the

sixth century, and was a contemporary of the prophet Merlin. To this church some think the old bell belongs which has on it the following inscription :—

(First Date)— ANNO 1110.
I did for twice three centuries hing,
And unto Lanark city ring;
Three times I, phoenix-like, have passed
Through fiery furnace, till at last

(Second Date)— ANNO 1659.
Refounded at Edinburgh
By Ormiston and Cunningham,
ANNO 1740.

Older, however, than any of these churches, is a beautiful Roman bridge crossing the Mouss Water, which happily remains to show what good and solid work that great people did. All along the Clyde there are many Roman remains; a Roman road on its upper waters, and Roman camps and watch-towers every here and there, and now this old bridge over the Mouss. One likes this respectable royal burgh of Lanark, as it lies sleepily just on the verge of the old life and the new, but partaking more of the past than of the present. Its Wallace memories, its Covenanting memories, its Saintry memories, its Roman memories,—all are good to think of, and it is just quiet enough to leave room for such thinking as we saunter up the street, or pass into the churchyard.

We have to leave it, however, in order to see what we have specially come to see. The Mouss Water and the Douglas Water both join the Clyde hereabout, and we know there are crags and pools there well worth a visit. But first of all we must get a look at the falls of Bonnington and Cora, the first steps of the great stair down which the Clyde throws and writhes itself into the newer world. These lie a little way above New Lanark, while the last of the falls, Stonebyres, is about as far below the burgh of Lanark itself. About the time that Owen's mills were an object of such interest to statesmen and philosophers, the place was visited by a little company of friends, not yet of much note, to whom nature, in her various moods, was more than cotton factories and social experiments. In 1803 Wordsworth and his sister Dora, along with S. T. Coleridge, made a tour in Scotland, and among other places came to view the Falls of the Clyde. Both the poet and his sister have left some memorials of this visit, but the poet-philosopher would seem to have been in one of his unsympathetic moods, and one would not know from any of his writings that he had ever looked at any part of the Clyde. In her charming *Recollections*, Dora tells us of Bonnington Fall, that her brother, 'coming unexpectedly upon it, was exceedingly affected by the solemn grandeur of the place. This fall (she adds) is not much admired or spoken of by travellers; you have never a full breast-view of it; it does not make a complete self-satisfying place, an abode of its own, as a perfect waterfall seems to me to do; but the river, down which you look through a long vista of steep and ruin-like rocks, the roaring of the waterfall, and the solemn evening lights,' were most impressive to the poet. Of Cora Linn she says, 'I was much affected by the first view of it. The majesty and strength of the water, for I had never before seen so large a cataract, struck me with astonishment. Cora Linn is composed of two falls, with a sloping space which *appears* to be about twenty yards between, but is much more. The basin which receives the fall is enclosed by noble rocks, with trees, chiefly hazels, birch, and ash, growing out of their sides whenever there is any hold for them; and a magnificent resting-place it is for such a river; I think more grand

than the falls themselves.' Miss Wordsworth, like her brother, could describe the feelings which a scene awakened in herself better than the objective reality before her eyes: and indeed there are few who can, like Walter Scott, give real living interest to a word-picture of rock and lake, or river. Especially difficult is it to paint in words the ever-changing monotony of a waterfall. Yet one might have looked for some more individual and recognisable features in a description of Cora Linn, with its grim old tower clawing the rock right above it, and shaking as the water crashes down the steep and narrow rocky passage through which it writhes, and leaps, and foams like a wild creature, till it comes quivering out of its torment into the open, far below. On the whole, Cora Linn is the finest of these falls, it seems to me, though a little spoiled by the neighbourhood of Corehouse, and still more by the 'moss-house' and looking-glass business got up for the tourist. Wordsworth commemorated it on a second visit in 1814, in some tributary verses, in which, however, Wallace plays a larger part than the waterfall—

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN.

Lord of the vale! astounding Flood;
 The duller leaf in this thick wood
 Quakes—conscious of thy power;
 The caves reply with hollow moan;
 And vibrates to its central stone
 Yon time-cemented Tower!
 And yet how fair the rural scene!
 For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
 Beneficent as strong;
 Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
 The little trembling flowers that peep
 Thy shelving rocks among.

The rest is mainly about Wallace, and Leonidas, and Tell, and Marathon, and Uri—not about the Clyde at Cora, and its double leap down of nearly 200 feet in all. The last steps of this stair, for the river is not yet at its proper level, are at Stonebyres, about as far below Lanark as Cora Linn is above it. Mr. Reid has sketched it from the bed of the river, and probably for his purpose that was the best point. But seen from the path on the wooded bank, we catch a glimpse, not only of the fall itself with its three steps down into the depths below, but also of the still, silent rush of the water above, as it prepares for the plunge. I have seldom any where had the feeling of awe and desperate resolve so impressed on me as in the dark look of that grim torrent above the fall. Just at the edge of the precipice the water is divided by a rock in mid-channel, and makes a double fall, the one almost at right angles to the other, and again, uniting in the pool below, plunges in full volume over the next two stages, after which it foams and swirls away over the rocky channel, under the dipping trees that clothe the steep banks of the river on both sides. The Rhine throws a mightier volume of water over its falls, and that counts for something in the impression which is produced. But the deep wooded gorge at Stonebyres, the red sandstone rocks tinted with grey and orange lichen, and the diverse forms of the three foaming cataracts, combine to form a scene of grand and solemn beauty which is more satisfying, at least to my eye, than the mighty rush and swirl of the great German river.

There is much, besides, of no small interest in the neighbourhood of Lanark if we were free to linger there a while. A noble bridge by Telford crosses the Mouss near the Cartland Crags, which rise there from the river-bed some 300 feet high, all clothed now with trees of various kinds concealing the precipices and caves amid which, of old times, the oppressed found a refuge. The Mouss and the Douglas waters were

haunts dear to the Covenanters, whose psalm-singing of an evening was drowned in the rush of the water or the clanging of the wind against the rocks. Not far from this is the mansion-house of the Lockharts of Lee,—a modern castellated edifice, built round a big square tower, and more heavy than impressive. Here they still show the ‘Lee penny,’ and tell how it was the ransom of a conquered Paynim, and was at one time in such repute for its healing virtues that it was lent out to far-off cities in order to fight the plague with its virtues, and came later under suspicion of zealous presbyters as a superstitious idol. Lee Castle stands some two miles off the Clyde, which, having descended the last flight of its rock stair at Stonebyres, now flows through a broad and beautiful valley resembling the Rhine in the riches of its orchards and gardens. In the early spring this valley is white with the blossom of the apple, the pear, the cherry, and the plum-tree; and, instead of the vine-stocks, its fields are covered with the strawberry plant and the gooseberry bush, which in the summer season make as busy a scene as the grape-harvest of the wine-month. All the hot sunny day the girls are picking the ripe berries, and all the night long the light spring waggons rattle along the roads with their great fruit-baskets. Through five or six miles of this you travel down to the Nethan, where, about a mile off the road, stands Craignethan Castle, supposed to be the Tillietudlem of *Old Mortality*. Scott was too great an artist to make mere portraits either of places or of people in a work of imagination, and probably more than one old house was in his mind when he described the dwelling of stately Lady Margaret Bellenden. There is a deep ravine near Lanark which goes by the name of ‘Gillie Tudlem,’ and therefore it should seem that the *locale* of the novel was somewhere in this neighbourhood; the names are too like to be merely accidental. Craignethan or Draffan Castle was built by Sir James Hamilton, son of the Earl of Arran, about 1529. It stands on a steep rock overlooking the river Nethan, and is reached by a narrow footpath that winds up a singularly romantic glen, rich in varied forest trees, and full of picturesque beauty. Surrounding the inhabited part was a high crenellated wall, flanked with massive towers at the angles, and perforated with loopholes; and before the days of great guns it must have been a strong place of defence. What with the trees that have grown up about it, and the fact that no road comes near it, it is now hardly possible to get a good view of it anywhere; the best is a good way off on the Lesmahagow road. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, the castle that stood within the fortified wall was pulled down, and a more modern one built of the material, which still remains there. This house Lord Douglas, to whom it belonged, at one time offered to Sir Walter Scott for his residence; and it was on the cards, Lockhart tells us, that the great novelist’s latter days might have been passed in his own Tillietudlem with the shadows of Jenny Dennison, and Mause and Cuddie Headrigg, and the Major, and Burleigh, and the rest of them around him.

The pretty village of Crossford lies at Nethan foot, where it joins the Clyde, and here the fertile valley first begins to be disfigured by unsightly coal-heaps and other signs of modern industry. As yet, however, and for a good way down still, they do not greatly interfere with one’s enjoyment of the scene, though one can see, especially on the heights, here and there a chimney and banded wheels, and other signs of subterranean work. Still the orchards and gardens accompany us three miles down to the beautiful grounds of Milton Lockhart; nor are they by any means absent from the neighbourhood of Dalserf, and Maudslie, and Cambusnethan, although the mining wealth begins more and more to obtrude its smoke and slag on our notice, and instead of the strawberry pickers, we meet more and more grimy faces with a little lamp stuck in their bonnets. Maudslie Castle, once the seat of the Carmichaels, Earls of Hyndford, was planned by Robert Adam, but is rather a bastard mixture of

mediæval castle and Grecian temple, imposing in the distance, but somewhat confusing when closely examined; while Cambusnethan, designed by W. Gillespie of Edinburgh, is a handsome example of the modern domestic Gothic, not so interesting to me, however, as old-fashioned Dalzell House, which is a bit of unpretentious seventeenth century building, before the native Scottish architecture had quite disappeared. The families of Hyndford and Sommerville, once so powerful, to whom the two former houses belonged, have passed away, but happily the Hamiltons of Dalzell still remain, and do good service to their native land.

The town of Hamilton lies some three miles below Cambusnethan, and is not in itself particularly interesting. It has grown from 'the village at the Duke's gate' into a considerable place, and seems thriving enough. Close to it, in a noble park, is Hamilton Palace, once the chief and chosen residence of the Dukes 'of that Ilk.' This is a building, planned by David Hamilton, of the Grecian temple style, pillared, and porticoed, and pedimented, with much cost for specially big stones, and I suppose it is a very fine thing of its kind. Till lately it contained the finest collection of works of art and *vertu* in all Scotland, but lately these trophies of family taste and greatness were put to the hammer, and scattered to all the ends of the earth. Coal mines are now being worked under the park, and in process of time the stately palace will probably begin to crack, and the Corinthian pillars to bend. The huge mausoleum erected for the ducal burying-place seems to dominate the grounds far more than the palace, which lies rather low; but the place has certainly an air of grandeur, with its fine old trees, and broad pleached alleys, and far-stretching vistas where the diminished cattle browse. Yet there are touches of curious penury combined with this lavish greatness. One part of the wall enclosing the park has been formed out of a street of old houses, and it seems strange to see so many doors and windows where no doors and windows should be. It must be confessed the other side of the street, which remains, is not a savoury one; and perhaps it is as well that its fellow has been taken out of the way. Far more interesting, however, than either Corinthian palace or Roman mausoleum are the remains of the ancient Caledonian forest at Cadzow, with the black-muzzled, black-eared, black-eyed, wild white cattle ranging at large beneath the old oak-trees. These trees with their gnarled, knotted, doddered trunks, now wearing a faint girdle of green leaves, and now a slight wreath a-top, have their arms mostly bare, as if they lifted them up to entreat for yet a space to live on amid the changed conditions of the world around them. Once it is certain that great part of the Clyde valley was covered by similar trees, and the Romans made their 'watling streets' through the wood, and some will have it that Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table rode there in search of adventures. Now only this little patch of the great forest remains, and as one looks at their sturdy, defiant bulk, one fancies that perhaps Druid priests may once have sacrificed under these trees—that Agricola and his legions may have rested under their shade—that Tristram and Lancelot may have ridden beneath their branches—that the Bruce and the Plantagenet, at any rate, may have hunted the wild cattle which now browse at their roots. It is the Avon, not the Clyde, that flows through the forest, and past the huge ruins of Cadzow Castle, the ancient home of the Hamiltons, and a grander one far than their modern imitation of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, though, like so many other remains of the great houses on the Clyde, we can hardly see its crumbling towers and arches for the close investiture of trees; but it is not more than a mile from the Clyde, and of all the sights to be seen on its banks none is more picturesquely beautiful or more suggestive of musing thought than that which helps us to realise the old Caledonian

forest. The Chastelherault imitation of an antique French château, now given up to keepers, and dogs, and ferrets, is hardly in keeping with the noble oaks and Norman castle in its neighbourhood; but happily it is sufficiently apart not to intrude on our notice till we have left them well behind.

A little below the grounds of Hamilton Palace is Bothwell Bridge, where 'the Westland Whigs,' owing to their own divisions, suffered so disastrous a defeat at the hands of Monmouth—who was no great soldier—and of Claverhouse, who was burning to revenge the disgrace of Loudoun Hill. There is a touching ballad on this event which has the true ring of pathos in its refrain :—

'Oh Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,
But ah! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair.'

It is not necessary here to repeat the tale so often told already, nor to refute the lies so often refuted already, which have for their chief authority the apocryphal biography of Captain Crichton. The Covenanters had an able leader in Hackston of Rathillet, and at least a daring partisan in Balfour of Burleigh. They had also a strong position behind a broad river not easily forded, and a narrow bridge that a few resolute sharpshooters might have defended against a host. But they were ruined by unseasonable debates and divisions, natural enough in a political party, but fatal to a military body. The bridge has been greatly altered since that disastrous day. The gate has been removed, the roadway broadened, and a modern railing has replaced the old parapet. Yet, changed as it is, it still presents a fair mark for the artist's pencil, not without fine inspiration as he recalls even the blunders through which the country struggled into freedom. The town of Bothwell, to which the bridge leads, is mainly a place of neat villas—almost a suburb of Glasgow. It had at one time a fine old church, of which only the chancel now remains, connected with a big modern edifice of dark red sandstone, convenient enough, I daresay, but nowise beautiful. The tower, indeed, is fairly well conceived, but one sees at a glance, even from a distance, how different is the chancel from the rest of the structure.

But the place of chief interest here, after all, is Bothwell Castle, which is thought by many to be the grandest of all those fortress-mansions whose ruins bear witness to the overgrown power of the Norman nobility in Scotland. It stands, with its great round towers, on a jutting rock round which the river makes a broad and rapid sweep, and on the wooded bank opposite are the ivy-clasped remains of the ancient priory of Blantyre. There are only some four miles between it and Cadzow Castle, each planted like an eagle's eyrie on its rock; and if the Hamiltons and Douglasses were not on good terms, which they rarely were, it must have been hard times for the poor folk in village or forest land between. At what date it began to be built, there is nothing to tell us. But it appears in history as early as the thirteenth century, when 'Gullielmus de Moravia, dominus de Bothwell' grants a discharge of certain mulctures to the monks of Dryburgh. This William Murray was one of the barons summoned to Berwick to judge between the rival claims of Bruce and Baliol. His son, Sir Andrew, took part with Wallace, and fell at the battle of Stirling. This Sir Andrew had a son who was a faithful follower of Bruce, and married his sister Christian, which fact, along with his higher claims of courage and capacity, led to his being appointed Regent during the minority of David. Genealogical tables are rather difficult, not to say dismal reading. Yet it is necessary to trace this family one step further to show how Bothwell passed from the Murrays to the Douglasses. The Regent had a son who left an only daughter, and she marrying Archibald Bell-the-Cat, the lordship and castle of Bothwell went to swell the already overgrown power of the Douglasses. In their hands they remained till the forfeiture of that family in

1455, when they fell to the Crown. After that they passed to various favourites. James III. gave them to Sir John Ramsay, James IV. to Patrick Hepburn, Lord Hailes, who again restored them to the Douglasses in exchange for the castle and lands of Hermitage on the border. Thus it came to pass, that though the Earldom of Bothwell was twice forfeited after this, first in the person of James Hepburn, the murderer of Darnley, and again in the case of Francis Stewart, the grand conspirator and raid-maker in the days of James VI., who wrought such oppression in Orkney and Shetland to build his castles of Kirkwall and Scalloway, yet, in consequence of this exchange, the lands and castle of Bothwell continued with the house of Douglas, and have now passed to the Earl of Home, whose mother was the heiress of the last Duke of Douglas. The ruins of this great fortress, which has had such a changeful history, are 234 feet long and 100 feet broad, the outer walls being some 15 feet thick, and in certain places 60 feet high. No doubt in its palmy days it was a good deal bigger, for the outer works which protected it on the side farthest from the river, have been entirely removed. Some of the rooms are unusually large and lofty for a fortress. The chapel, which is still tolerably entire, is 50 feet long, and lighted by a series of graceful pointed windows, parts of whose delicate tracery can still be seen. And there is a deep well or dungeon to remind us that the romance of those old feudal times had its dark and ruthless side. What wealth must have been spent, what oppression done, what grandeur must have lorded it in this vast pile; and what human joys and sorrows, humours and tragedies it must have witnessed in its time! And now there remains only this huge heap of crumbling red sandstone, of whose round towers the keen-sighted artist can only catch a little glimpse among the trees. Not far from it, on a level lawn, is the modern house, which is, no doubt, a suitable enough dwelling for a large household, though it looks rather insignificant beside its stately predecessor, where Edward Plantagenet held council with his Bohuns and Umphravilles, and the Murrays and the Douglasses kept court like so many kings.

From Bothwell to Glasgow there are some nine miles of not very interesting ground. Blantyre, the birthplace of David Livingstone, missionary traveller of the first class, lies a little below on the other side of the river, and some day will perhaps be visited by pilgrims from Africa coming to see the spot where their best friend grew up. Then we come among mines, and coal heaps, and visions of smoking chimney-stalks, mixed up with villas and ambitious greenhouses. About three miles from Glasgow, on the south side of the river, is the ancient royal burgh of Rutherglen, which holds a sort of comic position as a town that once oppressed the neighbouring city of St. Mungo. For Rutherglen was a busy sea-port, and levied taxes on the poor fishermen who built their huts near the priests' houses that clustered around the cathedral of St. Mungo, and if it had had its own way, it would have extinguished Glasgow altogether. In those days, and for many years after, its castle was thought to be, like Stirling, and Edinburgh, and Dumbarton, one of the most important strongholds in the country. After the battle of Langside it was burned by the Regent Moray, and though subsequently repaired, at least in part, by the Hamiltons of Shawfield about a century ago, on the decay of that family it was allowed to go to ruin, and its carved stones may now be found built into the peasants' houses, or their kitchen-garden walls. I daresay the worthy burghers regret this now, for their fine old castle would have given the town a little importance, when the tide of prosperity had ebbed away from their doors. A curious custom prevailed here down to the end of last century which seems to carry us back to old heathen times. It went by the name of 'sour cakes,' and the virtue of the cakes lay all in the baking. Some ten days before St. Luke's Fair, a quantity

of oat-meal was made into dough with hot water, mixed with sugar, or anise-seed, or cinnamon, and then left to ferment. On the night before the fair, a portion of the house was marked off as consecrated, and some half-dozen or more women seated themselves on the sacred ground in a circle, with their feet pointing to the fire. The woman who toasted the bread was called the Bride, and the others her maidens, only the one who sat next the fire to the east went by the name of the Toddler, and she who was next to her, the Hoddler. On a given signal from the Bride, the Toddler took a piece of dough and beat it into a cake with her hand, and then flung it to the Hoddler, who beat it a little thinner and threw it to her next neighbour, and so on, still keeping the course of the sun, till at last it came to the toaster, by which time it was as thin and smooth as a piece of paper. All the while their hands beat time to a kind of rhythmic measure, sometimes accompanied with a song, of which, however, the memory has perished. These 'sour cakes' were always given as presents, never sold, nor yet taken for private use, and they were thought to bring good luck. I do not know that any trace of this singular custom now exists. But the consecrated space, the women seated with their feet to the fire, the passing of the bread from east to west, and the names of the Bride and her maidens, all seem to point to some old sun-worship practice which continued to be maintained long after its origin had been altogether forgotten. The bridge at Dalmarnock which Mr. Reid has sketched, crosses the river just a little below Rutherglen. It is by no means a picturesque part of the Clyde, but we could not have a right idea of the whole course of the river without that 'drumlie' bit of water and those chimneys belching forth smoke; and the simple rustic bridge over Clyde's burn contrasts well with the elaborate wooden structure on the skirts of the great city.

Hitherto the Clyde along its whole course has flowed exclusively through the County of Lanark, but now, at Glasgow, it forms the boundary between Lanark and Renfrew, and a little farther down it divides Renfrew from Dumbarton, and again Ayr from Argyll, while the island county of Bute is embraced in its Firth. Of the great city whose name is now specially associated with this river, one must either say a great deal in order to do it justice, or else very little, on the ground that it is already so well known as to need but brief notice. Space compels us to take this latter course. Though the rise of Glasgow to its present importance is comparatively a thing of yesterday, it is in reality one of our most ancient towns. The heart of it, from which it originally derived its life, is the fine Cathedral of St. Kentigern or St. Mungo, which has seen so many other buildings rise and fall around it, and still continues to be the noblest structure in the city, and like enough to see all the others pass away. Tradition tells us that this Saint, in the latter half of the sixth century, established a mission here, which was doubtless a monastery after the pattern of Iona. There he taught the Clyde fishermen the Christian faith, as he had himself learned it from St. Serf at Culross or Lochleven. He is said also to have built a 'stately church' where the present cathedral stands. But the stately churches of the Culdee monks, as we know them by what remains of them at Wigtown, and in some of the islands, were very humble structures, not much more imposing than a Highland 'shieling.' And St. Mungo's first 'Minster' was probably just like these, an uncemented pile of thin slabs, with one door and one window, and neither arch nor pillar to be seen, surrounded by bee-hive houses ingeniously fashioned of the same material. The present cathedral was erected in the twelfth century, the architect being one John Murdo of Paris, if we may credit an inscription said to be, or to have once been, in the Abbey Church of Melrose to this effect :—

' John Murdo some time callit was I,
And born in Paryse certainlie,

And had in keeping all the mason werk,
 Of Sanct Androis, the hie Kyrk
 Of Glasga, Melros and Paslay,
 Of Niddisdale and of Galway,
 Pray to God and man baith,
 And swete St. John kepe this halie Kirk frae skaith.'

One may doubt whether any one man had the honour of building so many and such great edifices. In its present form Melrose assuredly belongs to a very different age, but we know it was burnt every now and then, and naturally renewed its style at each restoration. At any rate, whoever built it, this cathedral belongs to the twelfth century, and remains to this day one of the most complete and beautiful specimens of the early pointed Gothic. In the stormy Reformation times it ran a serious risk of being unroofed like so many others; but happily the craftsmen of the town saved their noble church from the destructive rabble who used the excitement of the time for their own mischievous designs. And there it stands to this day on its hill above the deep glen where the old Molendinar burn used to run. The castle and the bishop's palace have vanished, but the grey old Kirk, with its wonderful crypt, looks as sound as when the masons tapped with their mallets the finial on its steeple. Already Glasgow must have been a place of some importance to need such a church 700 years ago, and the palace and the priests' houses, no doubt, further helped its growth. Yet it was only in 1450 that it was erected into a burgh of regality in favour of its bishop, and not till 1611 did it become a royal burgh. Its only exports then were salmon from the river, where they greatly abounded, and herrings from the firth, to which that irregular fish paid at least frequent visits. These were chiefly sold in France, and we read of a merchant named Walter Gibson, who, in 1688, sent from the Clyde 300 lasts of herrings, each containing six barrels, and received in return as many barrels of brandy, and a crown piece over for each barrel of fish, which was, I suppose, very profitable trading. Thus Glasgow was at first almost entirely a cathedral city depending on the bishop and his clergy. To Archbishop Turnbull it owed its University, which was founded in 1450 by a bull of Pope Nicholas v. Nor could any one in those days, noting the shallowness of the river, and its liability to sudden floods, have dreamt that it would ever come to be the great commercial capital of Scotland.

Perhaps it was the decay of its ecclesiastical greatness at the Reformation which first quickened the spirit of enterprise in its citizens. Deprived of the wealth which the church had brought, they were driven to trade, and so through their poverty found the way to grow rich. It was, however, a slow process, and not till the legislative union with England in 1707, which nearly ruined the commerce of the eastern sea-ports, did the merchants of the west country begin to show their powers. In 1718 the first Glasgow ship ventured to cross the Atlantic, followed by the fears and prayers of the whole town; but from that date, in spite of the jealous rivalry of Bristol and Liverpool, its trade grew so rapidly that in 1772 more than half the tobacco imported into Britain came to the Broomielaw, besides large importations of sugar, rum, and cotton. We cannot, in this sketch, follow the various steps of its magnificent enterprise. The 'tobacco lords' were succeeded by the 'sugar lords,' and these again by 'the Anderston corks' or cotton manufacturers, who have latterly, in their turn, been superseded by the iron-masters and ship-builders. In 1668 land had been bought in Kilmalcolm, on which the town of Port-Glasgow was afterwards built, as a harbour for their rising commerce. But that was too far off for the impatience of the mercantile spirit. Therefore, an Act was obtained for deepening the Clyde, and it was thought a great thing, about the end of last century, that a vessel of ninety tons could

actually unlade at the Broomielaw, where children yet living were accustomed to wade across the river at low tide. At present there are miles of quay at which vessels of the largest burden are lying, and miles more of building yards, all the way down to Renfrew, from which the greatest ships are launched, whether for trade or war.

In appearance Glasgow is a very noble city, its general architecture having kept pace with its growing prosperity. To the east, indeed, it presents chiefly a confused throng of smoking chimney-stalks, and vast factories, and flaming furnaces, surrounded by monotonous streets of working men's houses. But the Trongate is a very stately street, and the terraces and squares in the west-end are full of sumptuous mansions. Still the old Cathedral is its most beautiful edifice, in spite of the new University which has been removed from the old site to a commanding position some miles to the west. This building, planned by Sir Gilbert Scott, and reared at a cost of some £400,000, the greater part of which was raised by the voluntary contributions of its wealthy citizens, is a splendid monument of their liberality and love of learning. Besides these there are many goodly structures—churches, exchanges, hospitals, with their towers, and spires, and domes, all through the town. Some half-dozen graceful bridges cross the river, and a magnificent town hall is at present being built. Its water supply from Loch Katrine was a scheme worthy of its great prosperity, and so was its City Improvement Act, which swept away so many dens of infamy and disease. Altogether Glasgow is a place of splendid enterprise, and strenuous industry, and generous liberality. One cannot sail down between the rows of stately ships that line its quays on either bank, or are rising in its building yards with the clang of many busy hammers, and think of the leaky coracles in which St. Mungo paddled up the shallow stream, without wondering at the skill and energy which have made it what it now is, though, unhappily, the salmon which once leaped at the summer fly in these waters, and which are still seen on the city coat-of-arms, no longer pass under its bridges to their old haunts in the Douglas and the Duneaton, or the Powtrail and the Daer.

About seven miles below Glasgow is the ancient burgh of Renfrew, where the royal family of Stewart had their first settlement in Scotland, and which gives one of his titles to the Prince of Wales—a sleepy little place, which manages to stand still amid the rush of the neighbouring populations of Paisley and Glasgow. Near it stands Blythswood House, the residence of Sir Archibald Campbell, whose beautiful grounds are washed by the black slimy waters of an unsavoury river. The scenery on both sides is flat and tame till we come to Old Kilpatrick, where the Roman wall—Grahame's Dyke—ended. Here there is a range of pleasant hills on the right, at the foot of which are the ruins of Dunglas Castle, once the seat of the Colquhouns of Luss. It stands on a promontory at Bowling Bay, where doubtless the Romans had a fort to protect their ships, and where a monument has been erected to the memory of Bell, who sailed the first steam-boat down the Clyde. Behind it rises the picturesque hill of Dumbuck, and on the opposite side of the river are the rich pleasure-grounds of Erskine House. This barony belonged at one time to the Earls of Mar, but was sold about 1638 to Sir John Hamilton of Orbiston, Lord Justice Clerk, from whose heirs it was bought toward the close of last century, by the then Lord Blantyre, with money he had received from his cousin, the Countess of Lennox and Richmond. The house is a great mansion in the Elizabethan style, not unworthy of its fine position; for here the river, properly speaking, ends, and the firth begins to open out. A broad and stately stream it now is, having received many tributaries since the Daer joined the Clyde-burn

at Water-meetings. It is a great body of water then that rolls past Erskine House, and spreads into the estuary beside Dumbarton rock.

This, the lower part of the Clyde, is no longer a river, but an arm of the sea, and by far the grandest of our Scottish firths. Unlike all our other rivers, the Clyde keeps its chief beauties till it is about to take its leave altogether. Most of them drop quietly into the ocean by some low headland, with its lighthouse on one side, and a stretch of level sand on the other. Even those that, like the Forth and Tay, expand into an estuary, present in their lower reaches little for the eye to rest on except busy towns and cultivated fields, and here and there the lawns and woods of some lordly domain. For their picturesque scenery we have to look back to the mountains among which their upper waters flowed. It is different with the Clyde. Sweet and still as are the pastoral hills amid which it rises, rich as the valley is that lies below its falls, they can neither of them compare with the grandeur of the lochs and mountains through which it drops down to the sea. Nothing becomes it like its end. Like a true drama it closes in a hurrying throng of impressive scenes.

The left bank, indeed, is comparatively tame, showing a long line of wooded banks, with a string of towns on the low shore, interspersed with mansions and villas. Port-Glasgow joins hands with Greenock, which again is linked on to Gourock by a row of villas, and that is hardly parted from the pleasant watering-place of Wemyss Bay by the grounds of Ardgowan, the residence of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart. Wemyss Bay then lays hold on Skelmorlie, which rubs shoulders with Largs, where the battle was fought with Haco, which finally delivered the Scottish coast from invasion by Danish pirates. The pretty village of Fairlie reaches one hand to Largs and the other to Ardrossan and Saltcoats, where the firth may be said to pass at last into the sea. Interspersed with these towns, and well worthy of notice if we had space to dwell on them, are many ancient castles of the great, and modern mansions not all unworthy of their stately predecessors—as Newark near Port-Glasgow, once the seat of Dennistons and Maxwells, but now in ruins like the families that built it and dwelt in it; Ardgowan, embosomed in noble trees, and Laven beside it, the home of the Mortons and Semples; Wemyss Castle, on a commanding point, where one can see afar off, alike up and down the Firth; Skelmorlie, which Mr. Graham has enriched with choicest products of modern art; and Kelburne, the fine abode of the Earl of Glasgow, not far from which is the dark headland of Port-an-Cross, where was the ferry by which Bruce crossed to the mainland when his eye kindled at the beacon-light lit up at Turnberry Castle. There are many ancient memories clinging to this southern shore, where Maxwells, and Montgomeries, and Stewarts, and Semples, and Bruces played their part in our stormy history; where the Ayrshire Whigs wrestled and suffered for the Covenant, and where Glasgow and Greenock long contended for commercial supremacy. But the region is more prosperous than picturesque, save that it commands a magnificent view of the opposite coasts of Dumbarton and Argyll.

It is in these latter that the glory of the Firth of Clyde lies. As on the other side so here also, the shore is fringed with an almost unbroken line of towns and villas. They are not, however, places of industry, not places where money is made, but where it is pleasantly spent. Mainly they are lungs to the great city, which every summer pours out its teeming population to seek health by the Gareloch or the Holy Loch, Loch Long or Loch Goyle, in Rothesay or Brodick, the Kyles of Bute or the Sound of Kilbrannan. One may half regret that these still blue lochs and rugged hills have been invaded by hosts from the Saltmarket and the Gorbals, and that there is hardly an inch of these lovely

shores where the youth of Glasgow are not found walking, or boating, or pic-nicing all the summer through. Yet what a boon it is to the busy city, that an hour or two of pleasant sailing brings its sons from crowded streets to these healthful scenes of beauty, with their fresh sea-breezes and the breath of heather hills!

The firth begins at Dumbarton, where the Leven pours into it the overflow of Loch Lomond, where also stands the castle on the rock, which was probably the Theodosia of the Romans, and the Alcluith of the Britons. From its commanding position it was always a stronghold of the first class, and one of the master-keys of the kingdom, though it was several times taken in the course of its history, its very strength probably breeding too much ease and security. The rock is a striking feature in the landscape, rising sheer out of the river to the height of 200 or 300 feet; and cloven near the summit in two. The buildings on it are not very impressive; they are lost in the mighty crag to whose sides and clefts they cling. Mr. Reid has sketched it from the bank of the Leven, but to my mind it is more striking as seen from the Clyde, with the shadowy bulk of Ben Lomond closing up the valley behind. The Earls and Dukes of Lennox were its hereditary lords, which made them considerable potentates in their day. It could hardly be a fortress of any moment in modern warfare, but it must always be one of the most interesting and striking of all the royal castles of Scotland.

A little below it, on a height, is Cardross Castle, where Robert the Bruce died, and the pleasant watering-place of Helensburgh, and the first of those lochs or arms of the sea which form so characteristic a feature of the estuary of the Clyde. The Gare or Short Loch is not so bold in its scenery as either of the two others which run up into the mountains of Argyll beside it. At its entrance stands, on one side, the fine old mansion of Ardincaple, a house in the Scottish Baronial style, once belonging to the Dukes of Argyll, but now the property of Sir John Colquhoun of Luss; and opposite to it is Roseneath Castle with its noble trees, once a favourite residence of the Argyll family, and as such not unknown to the readers of the *Heart of Midlothian*. It is a modern house of the Grecian type, not more than half finished, and perhaps it is just as well that the Duke did not 'count the cost' when he began to build his tower. Structures of this kind do not harmonise well with the scenery, and though the spread of villadom agrees as ill with hills clothed with birch and hazel, the modest villa is not quite so obtrusive as the pillars and pediments of a Corinthian palace. Formerly, beyond the village of Roseneath, there were only a few thatched cottages, like that of Mary Macdonald, whose mysterious restoration to health after long infirmity, gave rise to such religious excitement in the earlier half of this century, and encouraged Irvingite and other confusions of that time. Now the whole scene is studded with villas and cottages *orné*, and greenhouses, and gardens, though enough still remains of lichened rock and hazel bank to remind us of the quiet beauty amid which 'the meek and quiet spirit' of John Campbell once thought out what was called 'the Row Heresy,' and troubled all the land for a season. Very different from the Gareloch is Lochlong, which immediately succeeds it. Its entrance, too, is occupied with a string of villas, some lying along the rocky shore, others perched on picturesque heights, and forming the pretty watering-places of Kilcreggan on the one side, and Blairmore on the other. But ere long, the hills drop sheer down into the blue water, and there is room for neither house nor road, or for aught but clinging mosses and trailing mists. There is no grander scenery in Scotland than is to be found here, whether we turn off at the rugged hill called 'the Duke's Bowling-green' into Lochgoil, or sail on to the 'Cobbler,' past the mouth of Glencroe, to pleasant little Arrochar lying in its green basin among the hills. The

Holy Loch, which next indents the coast line, is not the least beautiful of those arms of the sea, with the lofty Benmore, and other hills of Cowal at its head, and Kilmun on its northern bank, where the Dukes of Argyll lie buried. There used to be a lazaretto opposite to it, and the name still clings to the spot, where ships with the yellow fever from the West Indies had to pass quarantine, in those days when the sugar and tobacco lords were founding the commercial greatness of Glasgow. But Dunoon, and Kilm, and Hunter's Quay, and coaches running to Loch Eck, and Loch Striven, and yachts and boats without number, have changed the quiet lazaretto into a place of summer bustle and gaiety. These lochs, with their bold hills, and wild 'hill-glens,' give its peculiar charm to the scenery of the lower Clyde, and if their shores are fringed with houses, homely or fantastic, yet at almost any point one can easily pass from a scene of busy life into the loneliest and silentest wilds, where no sound is heard but the rippling of a brook or the whistle of the curlew.

Still these long suburbs of Glasgow stretch away past Dunoon, whose ancient royal castle is now only a green mound—past Innellan, where the hills of Cowal leave but a narrow strip of level ground to build on, to Toward Point, where the father of the historian of Greece built his house looking across to pleasant Rothesay Bay. Here the Island scenery of the Clyde begins, and Bute, and Cumbrae, and Arran compete with Loch Long and Loch Goil. Villadom has hardly yet invaded Lochs Striven and Ridden, though it has wandered up the Kyles of Bute to Colintraive and Tigh-na-bruaigh, and largely taken possession of all the Isles save Arran, which is truly the crowning glory of the Clyde. Very pleasant, indeed, is soft, green, mist-haunted Bute, with its ruined Rothesay Castle once famous in Scottish story; and Kaimes, where John Stirling was born before his father began his newspaper thunder; and brooding Loch Fad, where Kean had a resting-place from theatrical excitements; and the stately home of Mount Stuart, which its great lord is now rearing among the trees, and adorning with marbles and pictures—a land of rich and varied greenery, where plants of milder climates thrive as well as the heather and bracken. Pleasant too, in its way, is the bigger Cumbrae, with its amphibious children, who take to the water all day like otters, and only come home for food and sleep. There, the Scottish Episcopal Church has a College, goodly enough to look at, and it was there too that the worthy parish minister used to pray duly for 'the two Cumbraes, and the neighbouring islands of Great Britain and Ireland.' But of all the places on the Clyde, Arran presents the greatest variety of beauty and grandeur. Brodick, with its ducal castle, Lamlash and its Holy Isle, lonely Lochranza, pleasant Corrie, and dark Glen Sannox; who that has ever wandered there, geologising, botanising, mountaineering, picnicing, sketching, can forget the charm of this most glorious island? Brodick Castle, standing green on a picturesque height, with Goat-fell behind, is almost the only house of any pretensions in the island, for the Fullertons, once its chief clansmen, now own only a very small portion of it.

Opposite to Arran is Port-an-Ferry, where tradition has it, the bodies of the Scottish kings were embarked for their burial-place in Iona, and where, at any rate, Bruce landed on the mainland, when the signal-fire blazed up at Turnberry Castle. It is a striking point, with its square old tower and promontory of dark rocks, and here the Firth of Clyde may be said to end. No doubt Lochfyne might be embraced in it, as forming part of the system of lochs which open up from this noble estuary; and so we might prolong our picturesque tour by green Skipness and rocky Tarbert, and pleasant Strachur to the well-wooded home of the Campbells at Inveraray, or down the sound of Kilbrannan, by the wild shores of Cantyre, past the bay of Campbelltown, where the whigs of Ayr found a home

in the seventeenth century, to the stormy Mull and Ailsa Craig that keeps watch like a lonely fortress at the entrance. With Arran and Port-an-Ferry, however, the Clyde seems to come to a fitting end. Lower down it is like open sea, with the shores of Ireland dim in the distance. No doubt, there are many interesting and beautiful places here, especially on the Ayrshire coast, as the seat of the Montgomeries, and the ruins of Turnberry and Dunure Castles, and the splendid mansion of the Kennedies, and Ayr, and Girvan, and Stranraer. But these are hardly parts of the scenery of the Clyde, and our artist very properly takes leave of it with a far-off look at the wild and lonely rock of Ailsa Craig, haunt of gulls, and guillemots, and far-travelling solan geese.

WALTER C. SMITH.



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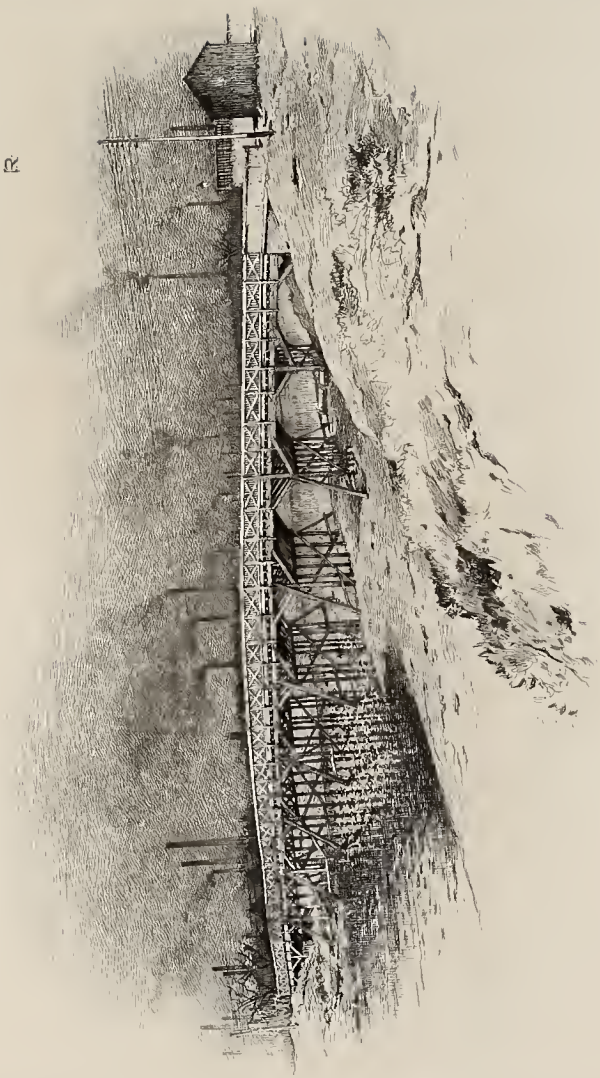






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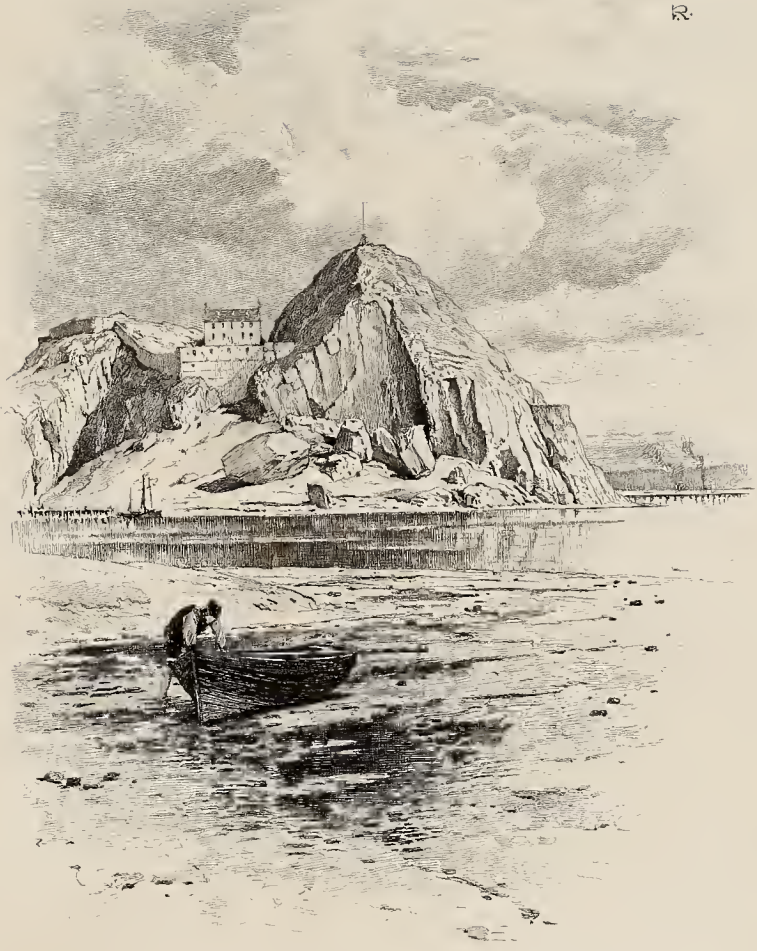


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1880









1850 - 1860



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Figure 1. A person standing on a beach at sunset.

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